

# UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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## UNITY.

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## NOTES.

The *Inquirer* believes that the "tendency of Unitarianism on the English side of the Atlantic is also toward faith, and not toward skepticism, croakers to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Church Architecture, with Hints on Construction," is a little pamphlet published by B. J. Bartlett, Architect, of Des Moines, Iowa. It contains several suggestive designs. Although it is an advertising publication, and makes no other claim, yet it contains so much good sense that it deserves to be known as a modest suggestion of what is much needed but not to be found—a practical guide to the rational church-builder.

The *Unitarian Herald* of the 7th ult., commenting upon our note regarding the alleged reaction in Western Unitarianism, in a recent issue, says a word that is quite as true in America as in England:

"In England here, we have had what we may call 'undulations' of thought, sometimes more of Parkerism, sometimes more of Channingism, to use a ready mode of describing the prominent directions of recent Unitarian developments. But the protest which UNITY puts forward against the idea that we are being saved by 'reaction' is one which we cordially indorse, as applying to the position of the churches in England. 'Reaction' is certainly not the word for it."

We commend the following note, clipped from the advertising regulations of a prominent Western railway, to the attention of the *Woman's Journal*, or perhaps to the Woman's Congress about to meet in this city. Why should the sex line enter into editorial privileges and courtesies?

NOTE—Under the rules for 1883 no free transportation will be issued to women. In cases, however, when the editor or proprietor of the paper desires to send a lady member of his family over any portion of the lines of this Company east of the Missouri river, one-half rate orders will be issued to them for the trip.

Dr. Ryder, the honored pastor *Emeritus* of St. Paul's Church in this city, on his recent return from a European trip, gives to the *Tribune* reporter the following impressions of the great Englishman:

"I am not of the kind to run after public men, and I didn't meet any of them that I care to speak of, except Mr. Gladstone. But oh! what a man he is!—the lion and the lamb in one! the most remarkable man in public affairs in the civilized world! As you might expect from a truly great man, he is distinguished for his unaffected simplicity of character. He and his family make up the most charming Christian household you ever saw. I was conscious, everywhere I went, of the power and influence of Bismarck, but he is totally devoid of the influence and moral grandeur of the English premier."

We join with Mr. Janson in thanking the many contributors who have so generously come to the relief of the sufferers from the Minnesota cyclone, and are pleased to note that so many of his contributors have been moved to do the kindly deed through UNITY. We asked for a thousand dollars. He has had more. But, friends, there are claims upon our interest and generosity of equal merit. Must we ever wait for death or a tornado ere we yield to our highest impulses and do our noblest deeds?

A writer in the *Inquirer* of the 8th ult., catalogues with much spirit the causes that produce weak churches. They are "Neglect of Sunday-school work," "dreary service," "defective intercourse with one another," "indifference," "non-attendance at service," "the social ostracism," "lack of money," and (we knew it was coming) "the ministers!" He says:

Platitudes and ineptitudes repeated with wearying reiteration are more than enough to send people to sleep. They go off elsewhere. \* \* \* \* Better for a congregation that their minister be over sensitive and stay but a year or two, than to fail to realize that he is wanted no longer. Obtuseness of vision exists in pulpit sometimes as well as in pews.



W. T. Harris, eminent as a teacher and philosopher, thus arranges the fourteen prominent nations of the earth in the scale of civilization, taking into consideration the morality, education, liberty and material prosperity of the masses—religion being left out of the question: 1, United States; 2, England; 3, Germany; 4, France; 5, Austria; 6, Italy; 7, Spain; 8, Russia; 9, Turkey; 10, Persia; 11, India; 12, Egypt; 13, Japan; 14, China. And now some of our exchanges are exercised over the question as to whether Judaism or Christianity is to receive the credit for the foremost ones.

The learned editor of the *Disciple*, published in Belfast, Ireland, in exposing the Shapira fraud, *i. e.*, the attempt of a dealer in Jewish antiquities, to palm off a recently-manufactured "*ancient*" manuscript as a piece of the Book of Deuteronomy, written 800 B. C., calls attention to the practice of the old Jewish scribes of burying their old manuscripts after copying them, so as to obviate disputes as to the sacred text. We fear that this line of scribes is not yet extinct. How many a modern preacher seeks to *bury* his difficulties in order to avoid disputes. There are those standing in pulpits who close questions by simply throwing away the key!

Mr. Gannett's Lessons V. and VI., in his course of Sunday-school Lessons on the "Childhood of Jesus," which he has had in long and careful preparation, is soon to be published as Number XIV. of the UNITY S. S. Lesson Series. It will make a sixteen-page pamphlet, the two topics being the "Birth of Jesus" and "The Carpenter's Home." The first offers particularly rich material for four or five Sundays' work immediately preceding Christmas. The lessons are delightfully suggestive concerning the "Christmas Poem," "The Christmas Poem in History" and the "Christmas Fact." It calls into play a large, but not unattainable, amount of artistic, legendary and literary material, which cannot fail, if used as indicated, to fix what is now a perplexing and to many a distasteful portion of the Gospel narrative in the minds of the children in such a way as to make it evermore a valuable piece of intellectual and spiritual furnishing. We congratulate our Sunday-schools east and west on the timely appearance, and hasten to assure them that if they neglect to use this guide on the four Sundays preceding Christmas (six Sundays would be better), they will miss a large amount of pleas-

ure and profit. Mr. Gannett has done many bits of good work for the Sunday-school before this, but we have never seen anything from his pen that so successfully combines *clearness* with *suggestiveness*. In it are sweetness and light.

We like an article in the *Index*, of the 20th ult., by Sarah A. Underwood, on the "Degeneracy of the Modern Novel." We believe with her that the readers of the current novels of the day do

find themselves in a world of which they know, and care to know, nothing; a world of superficiality and tonelessness where they are asked to become interested in the analyzation of a characterless society belle's idle whims, or a society man's heartless egotism and transparent shams.

We agree with her in believing that our novel

writers seem much more intent on exhibiting their own personal facility of expression and cultivated art in word-fencing than on writing a novel which shall reproduce the tragical combinations of real life, with the possible moral triumph which may give hint of help to needy and puzzled souls. There is great parade of superficial acquaintance with scientific terms, without any corresponding enlightenment of the unscientific mind, which real science is always eager to give. The wit and humor of the novel of to-day, though doubtless more refined than formerly, are refined to such attenuation that they no longer scintillate across the tired brain or awaken the dulled intellect, but rather jar on such as being senseless, and convey to even bright people a sense of vapidness and inanity.

Our space will not permit further citation, but we commend every line of it to our readers. The nerveless *goodness* of a so-called new orthodoxy preached in pulpits that seek to avoid all the hard questions, the discussion of which will drive away the well-dressed people, or reduce the collections, is we believe partly responsible for this flood of rose-water in literature. We need a revival of earnestness, a fresh endowment of robustness, so that our novelists as well as our preachers will realize, with our most nervy poet, after Emerson, that

"Men in earnest have no time to waste  
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth."

#### MEDIATORSHIP IN RELIGION.

Some years ago when *The Radical*, a monthly magazine devoted to the scholarly discussion of religious questions and so heroically maintained by its devoted editor in the face of a small subscription list, was at last discontinued, an orthodox clergyman said to the writer: "What these men are striving for is to do away with mediatorial religion, or mediatorship in religion; and they find, and they will find, that they cannot do it." The remark conveys a very common impression. This impression underlies a great deal of the criticism of the so-called liberal forms of religious teaching and belief. It is a familiar charge against Unitarians, especially of the more radical school, that they make too little recognition of Jesus; that the Bible writers are not



given a sufficiently authoritative and unique place in our way of thought; in short that we ignore this principal of mediatorship in religion.

But is it really so? Have we no place for prophets and teachers of higher truth, no recognition of holy lives and characters that have been channels of clearer revealings to men? Are there no mountains in this human landscape of ours? Or has any of us only so much of the water of life as his own little cup has caught directly from the heavens? The moment we put these questions, the charge becomes its own refutation.

Whence comes the charge then, and what does it mean? From confounding two things that are not at all the same. There are two conceptions of mediatorship in religion. The one is *official*, the other *personal*. According to the first, emphasis is laid upon the office which the individual is supposed to hold, a sort of authoritative commission he is given, whence all he says and does derives its authority and force. According to the second, attention is drawn to the person himself, his commanding personality, his character and life, which impress themselves upon men and win them to loving discipleship. Here is the source of the power and of its claim. It is moral or personal, not official. These two conceptions have been represented by the two types of Priest and Prophet. They have each played a very great part in the long drama of human history.

As we look over the field of religious thought to-day, however, we can all of us see how the more intelligent minds of all communions have moved far away from the idea of an official mediation vested in the Priest, once so universal. It remains at the base of the great structure of the Romish church, but even there with somewhat lessening power, while in the freer forms of Protestantism it has long since ceased to be cherished. In the priesthood of that church there have been many saintly and noble men, men who were anointed of the Spirit and not merely of human hands, men who have been real mediators to men of high and holy things. So are there to-day. In the same priesthood too have been men unworthy, worldly-minded, and selfish. But whatever of deeper power the former gained and the latter lost by their personal character, and prophetic gift or want of it, it was not here that the recognized ground of their efficacy and claim lay. It was not in the man, but in his office and the delegated authority which he exercised therein. Another, not a priest, however much superior in virtue

and religious faith, had no power to make rite or sacrament avail in intercession with God. This remains the theory of the Romish church. But with a large part of the Anglican church, and of the Episcopal church in this country, the doctrine of Apostolic Succession is completely shorn of its old-time significance and claim, and the manner of ordination becomes rather a question of propriety or church polity, and confers no exceptional authority over human conduct or belief; while in the other great religious denominations this whole conception of mediatorial relation once associated with the priesthood, at least so far as the ministers of religion are concerned, has quite vanished away. It is as the religious teacher now, and not as the priest, that the clergyman is listened to and judged by our time. We have moved away from the old ideas of priesthood and are finding a deeper interpretation of this great truth of mediatorship in religion.

And the effect of this general movement of thought is to change our attitude toward the great religious personages of the past. We find ourselves looking more and more from the human side, and interpreting our relations to them from the plane of our human life and its associations. And this extends to Jesus. It has not been, and it could not be, that he should escape this deep and wide-spread movement of thought; that with the modification of these earlier ideas of official mediation, even to the essential abandonment of them in a larger interpretation, he should still stand as the one official mediator between Heaven and earth, the delegated intercessor between men and God, the High-priest through whom alone we have access to heaven. The more thoughtful Protestantism finds itself to-day adrift from the earlier christology and looking at this great prophet of its faith from the purely human side. It is letting go the old Messianic interpretations and official theories, and turning directly with a new-awakened love to the man Jesus. In a word it is outgrowing its childhood conception of mediation, and growing into a larger thought of the personal ministry of a living, loving, believing soul!

And this mediatorship in Religion remains. So long as we walk across the earth in generations, and are not cast upon it like Robinson Crusoes single and alone, this mediatorship will remain. This mediatorship radical Unitarianism, at least so far as the writer may speak for it, is far from "striving to do away with"; no school of thought is just now more emphasizing it and finding in it the natural



and sure claim of prophet and saint upon the abiding love and recognition of mankind. And it is well for those who call themselves liberal, as distinguished from orthodox, as they leave behind the old ideas of official mediation, or as for others they would take down the idols of a worship no longer reasonable, to recognize all the more clearly this deeper mediatorship to human souls. Only something like this can save certain phases of so-called liberalism from the danger of shallowness and egotism. There is a true and there is a false independence. There is an independence which is born of a sense of one's own responsibility, which holds itself in modesty, and while owning many obligations to other lives recognizes that nothing is so sacred at last as its own inward loyalty. And there is an independence which in its reaction from cast-off constraint loses the humility that goes with wisdom and runs into loud-mouthed conceit. The world is very large, to say nothing of the universe, and only a very real sense of the unspeakable indebtedness of our own lives to others, past and present, can save us from egotism, mistaken for individuality, and hold us in loving fellowship with our kind. As we have walked in spirit with the choice souls of the past and have measured our scantier lives upon theirs, have we owned no quickening of inward power? Or in our individual experience have we no key to Emerson's lines:

O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
Through thee the rose is red;  
All things through thee take nobler form,  
And look beyond the earth:  
Me too thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair.—

So runs this manifold mediation between us and the Higher than we, which is in God and which is God. When President Eliot, of Harvard University, in his memorial address upon Dr. James Walker, last January, owned his indebtedness to that life and the inspiration it had been to him,—when Mr. Haweis, the London broad-church preacher, said once of the late Frederick D. Maurice, "All that I ever felt to be true about religion I owe to Mr. Maurice,"—when John Sterling, with the touch of death already upon his brow, wrote to Carlyle, "Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you,"—what are these but testimonies out of our present life (and how they might be multiplied!) to this great fact of MEDIATORSHIP towards higher life and being, which Jesus so signally illustrates but which did not begin with him and which with him did not end.

It has been the great fault of the old theology that while it spoke of Jesus as the "way," it has obstinately persisted in making him the goal and end. The personal Jesus teaching in the synagogue and open air has been obscured in the official Christ throned for judgment and coming in the clouds of heaven. But this obscuration is in our age passing away. It is a suggestive fact that they who first were drawn to Jesus and became his disciples, were drawn to him not as the official Christ, but as a new prophet or teacher risen up from among them. In spite of this we are continually told that with the spread of "humanitarianism" the world will withdraw its homage and no longer find any inspiration at the foot of the Cross. Of this we have no fear. We read the human heart quite differently. The fact is there has never been a time when any new word or clearer interpretation of Jesus' life and character was more eagerly read by the people at large than to-day; and the books that are most read are not the treatises on his divinity, but those which restore him again to the waysides and houses of Palestine and make him once more a man among men. Renan's book, which was the first to do this in a thoroughly popular form, met with an almost unprecedented sale, and has been followed by many others. Instead of loosening his hold upon men, these humanitarian views seem to make Jesus really the better understood and appreciated. And so we may be sure it will be more and more. Humanity does not forget its seers. Their utterances enter into the Scriptures of the race. All men have part in the great mystery of life and death, and he who speaks the revealing word here, speaks to his own and to all times.

"While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,  
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,  
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

F. L. H.

## Contributed Articles.

### I AM SO WEAK.

J. M.

Father, I am so weak!  
Let me Thy presence feel,  
Take now my tired hands in Thine  
And bless me as I kneel.  
Renew my failing strength,  
And teach me how to rise,



And, bearing all my heavy load,  
To seek thy bluer skies.  
Let me not wait nor stay,  
Nor to the past return,  
But kindle still my fainting heart  
With zeal anew to burn,  
Till I shall see Thy love  
In every cross I bear;  
And, keeping close my hands in Thine,  
Shalt trust Thee everywhere.

### A CONCLUSION.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

Help us to bear the doubts we cannot solve,  
To keep a willing hand, a cheerful heart  
With which to bravely do our utmost part  
To heal all wrong and sin, to help dissolve,  
Into high, trustful deed and pure resolve,  
The restless yearnings of the troubled heart,  
Depressing fears, the doubts which burn and smart.  
Oh, weary thoughts that ceaselessly revolve  
Within the tired brain, ye bring no rest  
Of healing on the wings strained in the quest  
Of truth beyond all mortal ken below!  
Then grant me just to do the present good,  
What I both can and may, not what I would.  
This, Lord, is all the prayer I make or know.

### THE NEW HARVEST SERVICES.\*

W. F. ALLEN.

The two Harvest Festivals before us are both so good that any comparison seems ungracious. They are at the same time so different that hardly any church would hesitate long as to which to adopt for itself. Those that have already made use of the Unity Service Book or the Easter and Flower Services of the Western Sunday-school Society will be pretty certain to choose the one that keeps up already cherished associations. Without closely following the arrangement of these services, it is entirely at one with them in spirit, and preserves so completely their tone, both in words and music, that they are, as it were, only movements of one symphony. Two of the most striking features in the detail of these services are those just alluded to:—great freedom and variety in the order of exercises, so that no two have precisely the same arrangement; and, combined with this, frequent repetition of the same vocal part, so that it becomes very familiar as a portion of the religious service. And as the success of any congregational service depends largely upon such familiarity with the words and such mastery of the music as shall prevent halts and bungling, it is no small advantage to have these simple and noble musical phrases become a part of

the consciousness of every member of the congregation who has any power whatever of musical expression. This may be illustrated by certain points of comparison with the Flower Service—a service of remarkable beauty—on the whole, we think, the finest of the series. The two services open in a very similar manner, and the musical responses—"Amen, Hallelujah"—are the same; but the Flower Service has three responses, the Harvest Service only two. The Gloria and the Benediction are already familiar to all who have used the older services, while the rest of the music is different. Thus there is enough that is new to give the effect of freshness, and enough that is old to revive hallowed associations and give the mind that rest and relief that come from the presentation of familiar objects.

The Unity services are all distinguished by deep devotion, loftiness of tone, poetic expression, and richness of effect, a richness which is due principally to the musical responses which form so prominent a feature in them. Responsive readings, which occur in the Sunday-school services, are used sparingly in the festivals. The Flower Service does not contain any. The Easter Service has a few, but its most striking feature is the Antiphon, with the musical response "Joy in the earth! Joy and praise forever!" The Harvest Service contains a few, but here, too, the Antiphon of two pages, with its musical responses of "Praise to God!" and "Hallelujah," will be found perhaps the richest and most powerful passage in the whole series of festivals.

The fact of this richness and variety of musical features makes the one obstacle to the general use of this series. It needs at least one person in the church with combination of musical taste and knowledge joined with spirit of devotion which are rarely to be found in one person. Not that the music is difficult—any New England choir of the last generation, before the deluge of namby-pamby prettinesses in the way of tune-books, could have sung it readily—it is not hard, but it is high and noble, and a generation of children must be trained in the Unity Services before such music will be popular.

For those who are not prepared for this service, Mr. Spaulding's, simpler and shorter, will be very acceptable. We would not describe it as inferior; it consists of readings and responses of high excellence, and music of great beauty. But the responses are to be read, not sung, and the music is simpler. There are two fine hymns for congregational singing, and two charming carols. There is, it must be said, a small element, too, of musical response; and the passage on page 4, where the responsive readings of pastor and congregation are made to alternate with the children's song, "God be thanked for harvest," the whole ending with the carol "The corn is ripe for reaping," is beautiful and must be very effective.

Both services must help to lead the way to that union of beauty and devotion in worship which our congregational usages so much need.

\*A SERVICE FOR HARVEST TIME. By Rev. H. G. Spaulding. Boston: Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 7 Tremont Place. \$2.00 per hundred. HARVEST SERVICE. From "Unity Festivals." Chicago: Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 135 Wabash Ave. \$2.50 per hundred.



# REPRESENTATIVE UNITARIAN MINISTERS.\*

WARE—DEWEY—WEISS.

A PAPER READ BY MRS. E. E. MAREAN BEFORE THE CHICAGO WOMEN'S UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION AT THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, SEPTEMBER 27, 1883.

In Henry Ware we have a high illustration of the typical Unitarian minister of fifty years ago—pure, high-minded, thoughtful and reserved, with a style of eloquence characterized by grave simplicity and impressive earnestness. His entire life and training led up to this result. In his earliest years he chose the profession to which his life was to be devoted and kept this serious purpose steadily before him through his boyhood. From the time he was eight years old he endeavored to accustom himself to putting his thoughts on paper, and he became more and more engaged in this until it became a fixed habit. To this may doubtless be attributed somewhat of that facility in the use of the pen which distinguished him, and in the same way also he acquired a power of methodizing and arranging his thoughts on any subject with great readiness. His career at Cambridge was typical of his future life. He rarely joined in the amusements of his classmates, never in their gayer ones, but he was always esteemed by them for his sympathy and kindness, though it is quite possible to believe they may have stood somewhat in awe of the gravity and firmness of his demeanor. His preaching attracted at first no particular attention and made no strong impression. Although the excellence of his character and the soundness of his religious views led those who knew him to expect him to preach both acceptably and usefully, yet no one seems to have hoped for him exceptional eminence. Certainly he did not himself look for great success, and his reputation as a preacher was so gradual in its growth as to come to him finally as a sort of discovery, to his own surprise and to that of his friends. In 1816 the Second Church of Boston invited him to become their minister, and on the first day of January, 1817, he was ordained. This society, which now has as its pastor the Rev. Edward A. Horton, was at that time the smallest in point of numbers and probably the least opulent of the Boston churches. This is partly shown by the salary which the young man at first received—\$25 a week and wood not exceeding thirty cords a year. For thirteen years he remained as pastor of this society, carrying out plans for usefulness and eager in his endeavors to improve the religious character of those who came under his charge. He was married the October after his ordination, to Miss Elizabeth Watson Waterhouse, the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Cambridge. Three years after her

death, which occurred in 1824, he married Mary L. Pickard, the daughter of a retired Boston merchant. I think that from the memoir of Mary L. Ware we obtain a much brighter, more human view of Mr. Ware himself than from anything in the biography of him written by his brother. In the biography we are told that his "manners usually expressed the extreme of reserve and could sometimes hardly be called courteous, rarely cordial." And in various ways we infer that this dignified reserve never left him even when with those nearest and dearest to him. But in the memoir of Mary Ware we read of scenes of childish glee and hearty frolic, presided over, shared and promoted by both heads of the Ware family, and we are glad to feel that they, who endured so many sorrows and sicknesses together, were as genial and joyous as they were earnest and self-sacrificing.

Henry Ware came into life at a time when the dividing lines had just become distinctly drawn between that portion of the Congregational clergy who held Unitarian, or, as they were often called, Liberal opinions in theology, and those who were denominated the Orthodox or Evangelical. It was a period of much religious excitement and some bitterness of feeling, and a controversy relating to the different points in dispute was carried on between the distinguished members of the opposite parties with much zeal, vigor and ability, partly in the periodical publications of the day, and partly in separate pamphlets. This controversy extended over a period of several years. Henry Ware was disinclined, both from feeling and principle, to the discussion of mere doctrinal points; yet his feelings in regard to the subjects in dispute were of the most decided character, and this disinclination was the result, not of any doubt as to where the truth lay, but of a conviction that a Christian minister would be better employed in promoting holiness of life than in preaching the doctrines of a sect. Hence for the most part he avoided sectarian discussions in the pulpit, though not at all backward in asserting or defending his opinions when occasion demanded. He took an active part in carrying into execution a plan for the publication of a periodical work, which resulted in the establishment of the "Christian Disciple," a monthly journal published in Boston, with the Rev. Noah Worcester as its editor. It proved eminently successful and had considerable influence in the dissemination of the religious views for the defence of which it was intended. Let me quote a few sentences from the statement of the original design:

"We need," they say, "a periodical publication, which shall be adapted to the great mass of Christians, and the object of which shall be to increase their zeal and seriousness, to direct their attention to the Scriptures, to furnish them with that degree of Biblical criticism which they are capable of receiving and applying, to illustrate obscure and perverted passages, and last, though not least, to teach them their Christian rights, to awaken a jealous attachment for Christian liberty, to show them the ground of Congregationalism, and to guard them against every enemy who would bring them into bondage."

We like the earnestness of these sentences, and they afford us an example of naive frankness, which

\*A word of explanation is due the appearance of this paper. It was written, not for publication, but as one in a private course of studies upon Unitarian history and liberal teaching, and has necessarily slight claim to originality of thought or expression. Use has been made of the Life of Henry Ware, Jr., written by his brother, Dr. Bartol's "Principles and Portraits," the Introduction to "The Immortal Life" by John Weiss, and sermons by Dr. Bellows, Dr. G. W. Briggs, Rev. Robert Collyer and Mr. Chadwick.



we would gladly have imitated to-day by those who are still inclined to limit "the degree of Biblical criticism which the people are capable of receiving and applying." It is plain enough that this was sixty-five years ago, and such an announcement would hardly do as the banner word of a representative/publication of to-day.

It was in 1825 that the American Unitarian Association was formed. In this Ware took much interest, and he was always glad to do what he could to promote its interests. In 1829 his failing health rendered an entire change absolutely necessary for him, and accordingly he offered his resignation as pastor of the Second Church. His people were not yet willing to give him up, and as a compromise Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had for some time supplied his pulpit very acceptably, was elected colleague pastor, and Mr. Ware continued nominally to retain his place until after a European trip of seventeen months. His desire for a visit to Europe was not only that desire which most men of taste and education feel, but he was also strongly influenced by the wish to form an acquaintance and establish an intercourse with the ministers of our denomination in Great Britain. He probably made his visit to Europe more of a professional one than most of his brethren, and it did much to excite a spirit of familiar inter-communication between the Unitarians of the two countries, then seeming so much more widely separated than now, to make them acquainted with each other, and to create a reciprocal interest in each other's progress and welfare.

On his return from Europe, having accepted a professorship of divinity at Harvard, he sent in his final resignation to the people of his parish, which was reluctantly accepted, and this professorship he continued to hold until about a year before his death.

It is impossible to consider the life of any man who lived at this time without asking what position he took in connection with the anti-slavery agitation. In 1834 Ware became interested in the Anti-slavery party and assisted in the formation of an Anti-slavery society in Cambridge, of which he was elected president. It goes without saying that such a course would be severely frowned upon both by the general public and by many of his friends. He was not the man to be influenced or turned aside from what he felt to be right by any animadversions in public papers nor by the remonstrances of his friends, and therefore it is for us to-day rather difficult to understand how, after so decided a beginning, he should have given after all only a negative support to the anti-slavery movement. His brother explains this as due to the difficulty which he found in sympathizing with the state of feeling which then existed and his reluctance to join in the kind of measures which were judged necessary in carrying on the work. He believed that great reforms must necessarily proceed slowly; that great changes in the condition of large masses of men

cannot be readily and safely effected at once—or rather that the state of public opinion which must precede such reforms or changes cannot be the result of anything less than a persevering and long-continued effort to enlighten it. Besides this, Mr. Ware was not calculated by his temperament or habits of action to engage in the cause of Emancipation as it presented itself at that time. He had not that kind of nerve which qualifies for a great work of reform in the external condition of things.

The work by which Henry Ware has been most extensively known and perhaps most useful, is his "Formation of the Christian Character," which was completed in 1831. His "Life of Jesus" shows us how literally he believed all that is contained in the gospel writings, and much of it has a strange, unfamiliar ring to the Unitarian of to-day. One of his celebrated sermons is entitled, "Outline of Testimony of Scripture Against the Trinity," and begins "Why do we not believe the doctrine of the Trinity? Because it is not the doctrine of the Bible;" and he continues with the assertion that if it were in the Bible we should not hesitate to believe it "any more than we believe that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, or that God foreknows all things and that yet man is a free agent." We must not forget, however, that just here lies the beauty and strength of our denomination—in that it is possible for us to reverence such a man as Henry Ware as a leader among us, and yet glory in the spirit of freedom and growth which lets us include in our catalogue of saints men who have differed from him in opinion even more widely than did his evangelical opponents.

It seems to me difficult to fasten at once upon any special points in Mr. Ware's character, which account entirely for his pre-eminence as a Unitarian minister. It may be for the reason that the general equality of his different faculties rounded his life into a symmetrical whole, and certainly his purity of purpose and absolute devotion to his calling are all-sufficient to account for the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. His face was always pale and conveyed the idea of feeble health, which indeed held him back from reaching the full measure of his powers. He was somewhat below the usual height and not at all imposing in appearance. He always looked his profession, not because he assumed its air or aimed to put on its external aspect as his biographer tells us, but probably because his thoughts and purposes were always in it and of it, and of scarcely anything else.

I turn now to a few thoughts and reminiscences of a man, who has stood to many of us as one of the sweetest, purest souls, that has ever blessed the world with wise and tender words, with a lofty example of faith in God and love for man. Orville Dewey did not grow up from childhood into the Unitarian faith as did Henry Ware. His freedom of thought was won only after severe mental struggles and bitter temptations. Mr. Chadwick calls



him a representative man for this reason. He represents in his own life the development of Unitarian ideas from the strictest form which they could bear and still be Unitarian—approaching nearer even to present evangelical ideas on disputed theological questions than did Henry Ware—up to the most liberal that can naturally be entertained by men who are willing to regard themselves or be regarded as either Unitarian or Christian. It seems hardly possible that he was born in the same year as Ware, 1794—just one month earlier—for he belongs to a different age. The little town of Sheffield, which was his native place, to which he always turned for rest throughout his long life, and where he finally died, is one of the loveliest places in Western Massachusetts, and the Berkshire hills and the river which lingers among them receive a new consecration from the gentle spirit who loved them so and who turned to them ever again for fresh inspiration. When he was sixteen he was sent to Williams College and there he first formed the friendship with the poet Bryant, which became so close during the years of his New York pastorate. He graduated as the valedictorian of his class, taught for a time in Sheffield and then went to the Theological School at Andover. At this time the Unitarian controversy was at its highest point and the struggle in Dewey's mind began. He went to Boston to hear Channing and was deeply impressed, but it was not until he had been settled over a little Orthodox parish in Gloucester, that the conflict was finally decided and he allied himself with the Unitarian body. He preached for Channing two years—and they were not easy years either—and was then called to New Bedford, and after a ten-years' pastorate there he was called to the Second church of New York, where he remained for fourteen years. I have already spoken of the remarkable progressive tendency of the man. His conservatism was continually modified more and more. As late as 1844 he had little toleration for the criticism of Strauss or the radicalism of Theodore Parker, so that if he had died in this year—the year of the death of Henry Ware—he would have stood to us equally with Ware a representative of the conservative Unitarian preacher of the early years of our century. I refer to Mr. Chadwick as authority for these statements of his position. "His dictum was 'No Christianity without acknowledgment of its character as a supernatural revelation or without acknowledgment of the final and complete authority of the teachings of Jesus.' There is little sign of his variance from these positions until in 1864 we find they have been suddenly abandoned. Not yet perhaps for himself but the disposition to make them a test of Unitarian or Christian fellowship." In the "Preamble" controversy of which Mrs. Woolley told us last winter, his sympathies were entirely with the radical party, and before he died he even pleaded for a more intelligent appreciation of the famous infidels and heretics. Dr. Dewey's ill health obliged him to leave his New York charge in 1848 and after that he

had but one settlement—at the New Old South in Boston from 1858 to 1863. He preached one winter in Albany and two in Washington and for a short time in Brooklyn, when the society there was first established, but for thirty years his influence came only from the quiet little study in South Berkshire. His work, "Problems of Human Life and Destiny," was a product of this period. It is not difficult to find points of resemblance between Ware and Dewey. Neither could be called scholars in the highest sense of the word. Both contributed a certain quota to the early controversial literature of our denomination, but neither had any real capacity for decided partisanship, despite their earnest convictions. The mission of both was to the internal man and their power was over the motives, the principles, the springs of moral and religious life in the individual. Both felt the wicked enormity of human slavery. I have told you how Ware helped establish an Anti-Slavery Society in Cambridge. So too we find Dewey one of the organizers of a committee for the discussion and promotion of emancipation, and no man ever spoke more burning, indignant words against the evil of the slave system than he. Yet we find him as well as Ware and Gannett unable to identify himself with the great body of Abolitionists or to sympathize with their spirit or approve of their course and management. In their thought on this question they differed from Weiss, who was on the unpopular side—and who maintained his convictions on this point at whatever sacrifice or cost.

I think one beautiful thing in our Unitarian Church is the variety of gifts in men who have honored it, nor is this said now for the first time. There have been earnest scholars, as Noyes, Norton, Palfrey, Hedge—philanthropists and reformers, as Channing, Samuel J. May and Theodore Parker—poet-saints, as Bulfinch, Sears and Charles T. Brooks, who has but just been laid to rest in his seaside home, orators—like, Starr King and Dr. Bel- lows.

Now Henry Ware was an apostle, thinking only how to turn the minds of men to God and to serve Him in holy living. Orville Dewey was emphatically a preacher and his power has been said by those who have heard him in the pulpit to be something unknown to this later generation. Dr. Briggs has said, "I remember hearing him preach from the text, 'Thou art the man,' and I felt that the word was addressed to me as directly as it was by the prophet to the king." Another heard him preach from the text on dividing the sheep from the goats, and as he came away, he said; "I felt as if I were standing before the judgment seat." Divinity School boys used to walk from Cambridge to Providence, R. I., to hear him on some special occasion, as at an ordination, and felt well repaid for the effort. Men and women have told how they would make errands to a distant town to hear him preach and take home with them the remembrance of a sermon that would stay with them all their lives.



Robert Collyer has told us how, when Dewey was in New York, men crowded to hear him, standing in the aisles, and adds:

"Old men will still tell you how long, long ago, they heard Mr. Dewey preach some great sermon which made an impression on their lives and turned them from darkness to light—how the sweet and solemn music of which the words were blended, stole over your heart and held you, and how the word seemed to be of God's own saying, as it came from his heart."

Perhaps you have already read of the young man who went, for a few Sunday nights, to hear him, and as he went out one evening was heard to say, "I must either quit hearing that man or quit sinning." For all this Dr. Bellows was certain that Dewey's sermons lose little in the reading, and James Martineau holds them in equal admiration.

Robert Collyer asked Dr. Dewey the summer before he died—for he knew that the answer given to the old problems forty years ago was not the answer of to-day—how he would preach differently from what he had, if he could begin all over again, and the answer came in the broken voice of the old man, "I should try to fill my sermons more and more with faith in the eternal love, the eternal presence, and the eternal providence within the eternal laws."

Dr. Bellows has spoken of Dewey as the broadest and most catholic of all religious men he ever knew. It is easy enough to be broad and catholic, when one is simply indifferent, but Dewey cared unspeakably for divine things, and lived in daily reverence and aspiration before God, and out of his awe and devotion he looked with the tenderest eyes of sympathy, forbearance and patience upon the world and the ways of men, slow to rebuke utterly, always finding the soul of goodness in things evil and yet never assuming any sanctimonious ways or thinking himself better than his brethren.

Dewey has been said to have been the founder of that modern teaching, which aims to turn religion into the ordinary channels of life and daily business,—to make it practical without lowering its ideal—not, as practical preaching sometimes means, a mere prosaic recommendation of ordinary duties, but that practical preaching which brings the celestial truths of our nature and our destiny to bear upon our present duties, to animate and elevate our daily life, and shows us how God's spirit and laws everywhere touch our ordinary cares.

I find that I have left myself but a short time in which to speak of John Weiss, and perhaps it is fortunate, since I can conceive of no man whom it would be more difficult to characterize and dispose of in neatly-turned sentences, and a very few minutes suffice for the tribute to his fidelity and earnestness which alone I feel able to pay. He is too much a part of our own time for extended analysis or final judgment. Doubtless there are several here who have known him personally or have thrilled to the magnetic eloquence of his living voice. However men may differ as to the value of his contributions to our liberal literature or dissent

from his radical thought, yet I believe that as to the spirit of the man himself, there can be but one opinion. He was emphatically a man of genius, one, of whom it was once said "He was a man one-fifth flesh and four-fifths flame, who kindles under his own inspiration into a miraculous light, and says words that can never be forgotten. Who once heard John Weiss could never again be quite so petty as his own poor self."

He was born in Boston in 1818—graduated from Harvard in 1837, and after a short period of teaching at the Chauncy Hall School and in Jamaica Plain, he entered the Cambridge Divinity School. He spent one winter at Heidelberg, and after his return to America, he was ordained in Watertown. As I have already intimated, he took a rather different position in the old anti-slavery excitement from that of Ware and Dewey. In all the long-protracted struggle for the slave and the establishment of justice and freedom in the land, Mr. Weiss bore brave and unfaltering testimony for the right, and stood with Parker, Clarke and others. In those hard days when the Moloch of slavery demanded and secured so many sacrifices for its shrine, he maintained his fidelity at whatever cost. Owing to his opinions on this subject he was obliged to resign his charge in Watertown in 1845, though he was afterwards recalled. Later we find him in charge of that New Bedford church where Dr. Dewey did such noble work and which has since echoed to the sincere utterances of Potter's outspoken radicalism. This charge he was obliged to resign on account of ill-health. Afterwards he preached for a time in Hollis St. Church, but most of his notable utterances were hereafter in lectures or through the written word. He was certainly a man of no common order, endowed with an intellect both subtle and penetrating, warmed by poetic sensibility and winged with imagination. Dr. Bartol has said of him:

"His genius was alike rare in its critical and in its creative form, although it was for wide popular appreciation both too subtle and too deep."

I know that many of his utterances have been called harsh and irreverent, and I have understood, as I have dwelt upon his unconquerable candor and his pitiless reasoning in his writings lately, that this was unavoidable, yet I believe that almost any one who reads with an unprejudiced mind what he has written, would bear willing testimony to the honest spirit which led him not to impose his persuasion on the facts but to derive from them clear, intellectual convictions of his own—and then to the heroic fidelity with which he maintained those convictions. Did not the face reveal something of the character of the man? It was certainly a remarkable face. The thick hair, white at the roots, was brushed away from a broad, earnest forehead, and the dark eyes and heavy dark eyebrows made the face youthful, despite the hair and beard.

One of his distinguishing characteristics was this determination to decide matters for himself. He once said that while a young man, attending a



course of lectures on Ecclesiastical History, he read the little poem of Emerson's:

"Set not thy foot on graves—  
Care not to strip the dead  
Of his sad ornament,  
His myrrh, and wine and rings,  
His sheet of lead  
And trophies buried.  
Go, get them where he earned them when alive,  
As resolutely dig or dive."

And the poem came as a lesson in theology or religion to him and he decided then that if he would have personal religion he must find it for himself.

Of no man could it ever be more truly said that he had the "central peace, subsisting at the heart of endless agitation." Other men, like Dr. Dewey, have indeed had the "central peace," but "endless agitation" is a fit simile for the living, throbbing intensity of the life of John Weiss. Yet he was neither a born nor a trained soldier. Dispute personally he would not—not even to pick up the glove thrown down to him. He had no words to meet personal accusations or repel angry antagonists, but he threw himself with surpassing ardor upon hard questions, and of his scholarly learning, of his ready wit, his burning sarcasm, his iron logic, there was no end.

It has been delightful to me to listen recently to the enthusiastic utterances of some who have known John Weiss personally, have listened to him regularly and who found in his sermons a mental stimulus never to be experienced again. His style has certainly two great excellences—"it is everywhere full of throbbing vitality and it nowhere proceeds from feeling only or from the understanding only, but from the living, pulsating unity of intellect, heart and imagination."

In writing of these men, I have not intended to pronounce only eulogies, and yet, as men who have stood for a principle, who have subordinated worldly successes to their desire for absolute fidelity of thought and expression, what can we say but words of gratitude and honor? Let us be glad with a great gladness that such men have lived among us, and that they have stood for the religion for which we stand, the freedom of thought which we declare, and the worth of character and upright living as the sole test of aspirations and creeds.

## Our Unity Pulpit.

### CHRISTIANITY A PROGRESSIVE FAITH.

[A sermon preached by Rev. Newton M. Mann on taking possession of what was the Third Presbyterian Church of Rochester, by the Unitarian Society. Henceforth it is to be known as UNITY CHURCH.]

TEXT: *They brought up the ark of the Lord.*—I. Kings, VIII: 4.

We do not to-day celebrate the completion of a new temple, but simply a removal of our religious home from one place to another. We do not dedicate a church; we only occupy one that has come into our possession already dedicated to sacred purposes. We are not here to repudiate or to undo

any good work that has ever been done in this place. On the contrary we feel, I trust, the sanctities that already attach to the spot from whatever labor for God and man has been done here. Others have labored, and we have entered upon their labors. We are not now to raise the question whether they built the material or the spiritual temple in all respects as we would build it. As we look over these structures we are glad enough to find them ready made to our hand. A beautiful house of worship, built to stand the blasts of centuries, convenient and commodious rooms for Sunday-school and social uses—these are the outward triumphs of those who have occupied before us, and from whose vantage ground we take our start at present, not without appreciation, I think, of the fair fidelities that went into every line and every stone of these edifices. Nor are we blind to the noble service rendered to practical religion, to philanthropy, to civilization, by that body of Christians who have held this as one of their multitudinous churches. They have had much to do in shaping that Christian consciousness of which we all partake, in forming the spiritual atmosphere which we breathe, in nourishing the sentiments of reverence and brotherhood in which the true religion chiefly manifests itself. Our spiritual as well as our material basis has been laid for us by other hands than ours. We come into a world already Christianized, and enter upon the inheritance of the ages. We know our spiritual ancestors, and though they are not able always to look upon us with the cordial sympathy and interest that our kinship would naturally suggest, we are determined, for our part, not to be forgetful of our obligations to them. To orthodoxy, Protestant and Catholic, we confess a debt of gratitude. Every reform owes its being to that which is to be reformed. There must then have been Judaism, or Christianity could not have been. Without Catholicism, Protestantism could have had no existence. And that reverent, searching liberalism, which, under one name or another, is making such headway in the world to-day, could not have been but for the advances already made by the heroes of the Protestant reformation. Our faith is not our fathers' faith. Why? Because we are not our fathers. But, unlike as we may be to them, can we ever be unmindful of what they have done for us? No more can we cease to feel our indebtedness to the faiths from which we have departed. They have been the stepping-stones by which we have attained to whatever we have that is better. Not only has the house in which we worship been built for us, but the foundations of the spiritual temple, too, have been laid. The fathers, back to the apostles and the prophets, have, under a guidance wiser than their own, wrought for the life and liberty which we enjoy in this glorious day. Religion is indestructible. It drops its crudities and its errors, but its realities abide. Christianity is a fluent, progressive form of faith and worship. Think how different a thing it is now from what it was four hundred years ago, before there was a



Protestant church in the world! And from the birth of Protestantism to this day the Christian creed has been constantly undergoing modification. Further changes are yet to take place.

As John Robinson said to the Pilgrim Fathers, "There is more light to break from God's word." Christianity did not start a fully perfected system. Nothing in this world starts in that way. But for eighteen centuries it has been passing through various stages of growth and development. It has dropped many an old form, and abandoned many an old point of doctrine. New ceremonies, new orders of worship, new beliefs have been adopted. And speaking generally the steps thus taken have been onward ones. It is the healthful growth of religion from age to age. We honor all the saints of other days, and are thankful for the good they have taught. But there is more to be learned, and we must look further. I have said it is only our removal that we celebrate to day. So I have cited for a text only the record of the removal of the ark and other sacred symbols and utensils to the new temple that Solomon had built. These symbols of the Divine presence belong to an earlier time, and in the evolution of religious institutions have disappeared. But the thing symbolized is an abiding reality. There is something which we bring to a house of worship and attach to it which does not pertain to other places. To some eyes the structure may appear to be only a pile of brick or stone, with more or less elaborate adornings; but to the worshiper it is more. Free as he may be of all superstitious notions about holy places, fully aware that He whom the heavens cannot contain needs no house to dwell in, convinced as he is that God is to be worshiped and humanity is to be served at all times and in all places, nevertheless there is that about the place of public worship which makes it a peculiar, a sacred spot. He comes to it for a sacred purpose. It is the place of serious meditation. It is the shrine to which he makes a weekly pilgrimage. So partly from tradition, and partly from experience, the church acquires a distinctive quality even to a severely rationalistic mind, so that when we remove from one house of worship to another there seems to be something sacred that we ought to take along, something intangible, but real as the ark which the Israelites took from the tabernacle to the temple. What is there that we transfer from the place we have left to this renovated house of worship?

Of externals there are not many. We bring the old Bible, of which we have learned some new uses, and a new interpretation. We bring the songs that we have sung elsewhere. Some other sacred books we bring from which we have been accustomed to draw helps to worship, or suggestions for the conduct of life. I do not undervalue these things, but are they, any of them, the distinctive quality which we transfer to this place, as the ark of the covenant, thereby making it the sacred spot of our pilgrimage? By no means. The essential thing that we bring

with us is no outward paraphernalia, however useful; it is the living faith in our own breasts—faith in God and faith in man, faith in the perpetual divine manifestation in nature and the human world, faith in truth and in our faculties of apprehending truth which makes the whole creation one shining book of God, and all knowledge of the atoms and of the stars helps of our religious thought and life. Wherever the standard of this faith is set up, that spot becomes dear to us. The ancients revered their temples because they were the abiding places of their gods. We love our church because we are there taught the very reverse of this; that God has no exclusive abiding place, that he is everywhere. The old reverence for the sacred place came largely from a dread of the Being who was supposed to dwell there—a dangerous Being whose good will it was best at any cost to secure. But our church has taught us that God is good; that He is one to love and not to fear; that His beneficence is unending; and for this teaching we ought to look upon it with grateful affection so long as we live.

It is an error to suppose that the Jewish temple was the type on which the Christian church was built. Of the temple of Solomon we know but little for certain. The accounts we have of its building and dedication were written in later centuries, after the Jewish ritual had become fully developed; and the whole account reflects the customs and sentiments of that later time. All religions are growths, with crude and barbarous beginnings. To this the religion of Israel is no exception, but, when rightly understood, the crowning illustration. We may be sure that its rites in the time of Solomon were of a rude and revolting character. Even as the temple service was modified and elaborated in subsequent centuries, there was nothing about it, as a whole, to suggest the Christian church. Conspicuously it was the place of bloody sacrifices—a religious slaughter house. We have much difficulty in feeling that it was a sacred place. If such an establishment were opened now anywhere in the civilized world, drawing to itself great droves of cattle and sheep to be slain upon its altar, no sentiment of religion could be made to attach to it. The spectacle would be one from which all sensitive souls would turn away with loathing and abhorrence. And yet there are those who tell us that there has been no progress in the quality of religion, or in its manifestations; that there can be no such thing as a new theology. The Christian creed was itself a new theology when Jesus set it forth. A new order of worship came with the gospel, which completely superseded the old sacrificial offerings. And what changes have come in the church and in its creed since the days of the apostles! Not a rite is anywhere administered now as it was then. Christian worship has taken on many different forms in various lands, and among the various sects, and nowhere is it the same as in the first century. In all these things there has been continued adaptation to time and circumstances. The ritual has been made to



conform to human needs and conveniences, under the ever changing conditions in which the generations of men have found themselves. For a fair illustration of this read Dean Stanley's famous lecture on the institution of baptism, in which he shows that not a sect in Christendom observes the ordinance in the manner of the early Christians. We could not in decency baptize as they did, the times have so changed. But no one thinks that the church has gone backward in this particular. If we do not do as the fathers did, it is because we have learned a more excellent way.

A sure point on which to fix one's faith is this: That the world is moving forward, and that the church is moving with it. Christianity is not a finished faith or culture, but has from the first been undergoing modifications, and the end is not yet. Leo X. said to Luther that this religion *was* finished; that no improvements were in order. Nevertheless Luther made a new church, far better than the old one. It has always been the way of many to say that the creed and the ritual are finished, that it is not possible to make any improvements. But all the while improvements have gone on in spite of opposition. Dogma after dogma has been abandoned, and a new conception of the universe has brought us a new theology. How many times in the last four hundred years the ark of the Lord has been moved to a new position! A new church could hardly get itself founded before there was a fresh departure. However firmly one generation drove the stakes marking the boundaries of truth, the next generation found occasion for a fresh survey. And so it has gone on since the days when Ridley and Huss went up to heaven in chariots of fire. If we are to learn anything of the future it is by the past. The question to-day is: Shall our creeds be made to conform to the growing knowledge of the age? As heretofore there are those who say, No; the Christian theology must make no admission of imperfection by submitting to the slightest change. And this ill-considered position it is that gives the destructives of all sorts their opportunity. Nothing so serves the cause of infidelity as the doctrine that the Church, having once said a thing, must stick to it to the end. Of all the addresses at the recent Freethinkers' Convention, the one most harmful to Christianity, and so most gratifying to the managers, was made by the champion who came to defend the Christian religion. The Lord save his cause from such defenders! Once let it appear that Christianity is what he represented it, and its opponents have an easy task. In fact it will be carried away like chaff in all the winds that blow. The *Christian Union* very truly says of that address:

"Christianity may well seek to be delivered from such defenders. He maintained a doctrine of verbal inspiration and of scientific and philosophic infallibility for the Bible; interpreted it as teaching, respecting creation, that 'the whole work was done in six days of twenty-four hours each, and that the work in all its parts was as perfect as it has ever

been;' and declared that he had no hesitation in saying that not a fact of fossilization or formation has been discovered which demonstrates the world to be even six thousand years old. We do not wonder that the defender of Christianity on so hopelessly untenable a ground was greeted with applause by the Freethinkers, who next year should invite Mr. Jasper, of Virginia, to set up a man of straw for their target."

Suppose this defender of the faith had said: The doctrine of Christianity is to do righteously, to seek after and serve the True, the Beautiful and the Good. Beyond this it has no fixed creed, but accepts the established conclusions of science in every field of thought. It respects all faithful teachers of every age, but is not bound by them. It worships the Living God, who is also the God of the living. It brings its Bible down to date, and welcomes every new truth that is found out as an additional chapter of divine revelation. Suppose he had presented something like this as his faith, what answer could have been made to it?

We are here in this church to stand for religion and for reason too; which means a reasonable religion and a reverent spirit of inquiry. As against the iconoclasts we hold to the continuity of religious thought and life. We hail the prophets of all lands and ages as our spiritual forefathers. We defend them against the rashness which would bring them into court and try them in the light of the Nineteenth century. I have heard ministers make a point against dear old Socrates that he did not do in all particulars what in these days is becoming to a moral teacher; and my very blood has boiled that such rank injustice should disgrace a Christian pulpit. It is the same order of criticism that makes merry over the "mistakes of Moses." Modern learning has relieved Moses of nearly all the literary work that has been credited to him. But suppose him to have made every mistake with which anybody has ever charged him, is it not to be considered that he lived three thousand years ago? And is it not altogether likely that in three thousand years more the teachings of the wisest Freethinker will be open to quite as severe criticism? This method of dealing with the past is radically and shamefully vicious. Ancient heroes deserve to be considered in the light of their own time. We ought to honor any man who in all the ages has lifted ever so little the standard of morals, or who more than his fellows has been smitten with a sense of the Infinite. The veriest savage is worthy to be venerated, however mistaken his theories of the universe, who first formulated an ethical precept voicing a monition of conscience in a "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not." Concerning the religious leaders of the early time the question for us is not what faults they had, or what errors they committed, but what human service did they render? what word did they speak that is immortal? The purest religion the world knows to-day is related to that of the African in his jungle; and back



through all history, and beyond the ages of history, not a form of worship has prevailed in the world but has left some inheritance to you and me. I look up the stream of time and thank God for every name of prophet or preacher who has left his monument standing along the banks. I feel a line of sympathy running out to them every one. Each brought something into the world that makes me his debtor. My faith and yours, our sense of reverence and of right, are the sifted and accumulated experiences, feelings, gropings, aspirations of these our spiritual ancestors. We cannot cut our selves loose from them, and whoever attempts to do it only shows his folly and his ingratitude.

If any man through better natural endowments or better opportunities has come to a larger knowledge and influence than his father, he will not, if he be really a superior man, make that an occasion for heaping ridicule upon his father. The human race has grown up like a tree, and the twigs last put forth have no right because they are at the top to scorn the older fibres that lie buried in the trunk and root. But for the humbler work of these older parts those little twigs would not be swinging so loftily, or bearing such wealth of fruit. The man who measures things aright, when he has done any wonderful work, is ready to say, "Not I, but the father who dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." In every strong soul dwells an energy that has come from a thousand fathers and mothers back to remotest antiquity. I toil and achieve; yet not I, but the fathers that dwell in me.

It is the strong point of our liberal Christianity that it does not overlook this religious continuity. We too are Christians—born into a Christian world and having committed to us the heritage of the Christian faith and worship. But we have learned—and this is what we have to say to our brethren of the old school—we have learned that the supreme feature of Christianity, that which keeps it ever young and strong, is the fact of its being a living, developing faith, so taking up into itself all truth, profiting by every discovery, keeping in line with all that science teaches. The truths of religion, when we find them, must harmonize with all other truth; and he who has regard for the perpetuity of religious faith in the world will not consent that the church carry a cargo of notions which all other reputable crafts on the sea of life have thrown overboard. Nothing so stabs religion to the heart as the tacit assumption that there is one arithmetic for the church and another for the schools; that the astronomy of the ancient Hebrews must be retained in the sermon, while that of La Place and Herschel goes into the lecture; that as a Christian a man may hold that the earth is not yet six thousand years old, while as a geologist he sincerely believes it to be six millions. Such teaching as that is the suicide of faith.

Looking back over the centuries, or even the decades, we see that Christianity has undergone great changes. Not otherwise could it have survived.

Mr. Holland says in a letter just received from him that the preaching of "infant damnation" drove his parents out of the Old South church in Boston. Now, orthodoxy has gone so far from that doctrine that we commonly hear it denied that any such hideous teaching was ever current. Not long since, when the editor of the *Christian Register* charged the popular theology with teaching the everlasting perdition of the majority of mankind, there were those who rose up to deny such a doctrine as that was ever orthodox; and the editor had to write a book to show from the lips of leading divines and from accepted creeds how far the church is now departing from what was sound doctrine only a few years ago.

And this process must go on. The ark of the Lord must still be carried forward. Many a position now stoutly defended must be relinquished, and other stronger positions taken. Of this we may be sure—truth will not be injured. The holy of holies is impregnable, for it passes ever on to the point of vantage.

"On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year doth knowledge soar;  
And as its soars, Religion's light  
Doth onward grow from more to more."

Supposing some discovery should be made that should upset all our theologies, would religion be destroyed? Would theology be destroyed? By no means. No more than astronomy was destroyed when the Ptolemaic system of the universe went to pieces. The old theology is all the time falling, but not faster than the new is building up.

And so we would keep the church standing in the posture of devotion and with its face turned to the skies, open and eager for the instant revelations of the Highest, welcoming with the look of ecstasy every word that breaks from the mouth of God. And we would have the church not more anxious to know what is true than to do what is right. Matthew Arnold's definition of the ideal church is "A Society for the Promotion of Goodness." These are the days of associated labor. In the great public works of the age, and of every age, we see what can be done by many hands under the direction of one head. An architect plans a capitol or a cathedral, and the blows of ten thousand toilers fall into wondrous unison and realize his dream. The majestic structure rises to its proportions like a living thing. Lo, many hands and one heart build the perfect world. Weak and inadequate is the arm of the best man to wrestle with the evils of society, to relieve the sufferings of the innocent; but the organized body of the Christian church is daily doing through the world the deeds of fair beneficence which are its best title to perpetuity. Depart as we may from the creed of our fathers, we cannot afford to relinquish their methods of practical human service by which the greatest achievements have been made possible. Assembling together and working together have been the secret of Christian power from the days of the apostles



and herein is the organized, corporate life of the church. To overlook this is to miss all. The ark of the new covenant, what is it but this: one heart beating in many breasts, and that the heart of Christ?

## Notes from the Field.

TOPEKA, KAN.—The Unitarian friends of this place are mustering their forces in a financial way and expect to be able soon to call a minister.

HOBART, IND.—Perhaps no church in our Western fellowship is enjoying more prosperity than this little band under the fortnightly ministrations of Mr. Jennings. A new sidewalk and some more lamps will hereafter make it easier for the large audience to find their way to the evening sermon.

ROME.—The conversion of Miss Margaret Howitt to the Catholic faith is the result of no sudden impulse. She has resided at Rome for many years, and has long been waiting for the death of her mother before making public an announcement that would give pain to her. The *Disciple* says that the Howitts were originally Quakers, and calls this an illustration of the principle that extremes meet.

BOULDER, COLORADO.—Mr. Thos. J. Van Ness, of the Senior class in the Cambridge Divinity School, called at our office en route for this new outpost. He goes out under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association, and proposes to stay at least a year in the work of building up a Unitarian Society from nothing in this far-off University town. He is in good spirits and full of enthusiasm, and we expect ere long to have to chronicle good things accomplished in this our third Colorado outpost.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—On a flying trip to this metropolis of the Central Southern states we found the great exposition in full blast,—unquestionably the most extensive and instructive affair of the kind held in this country since the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876. Frederick Douglas had just delivered his remarkable address before the National Convention of Negroes—a gathering of great significance as it was of real dignity, commanding the greatest respect in what twenty years ago was a slave-holding city. The National Convention of Charities was also in session. But our interest centered in a consultation with the earnest and wide-awake Board of Trustees of the Unitarian Church. Mr. T. G. Milsted has declined the unanimous call tendered him, and has concluded to take the work at Taunton, Mass., offered him some months ago. The society, nothing discouraged, is on the alert, and will find the right man soon.

PROGRESSIVE JAPAN.—Kentaro Yanagrya, who for five years was Japanese consul at San Francisco, promoted last spring to a more responsible position in the home office at Tokio, in a letter to Sakai Ishikawa, the secretary of the Japanese-American Exchange, established for the purpose of facilitating Japanese-American social and commercial relations, protests against the American habit of joining China and Japan. In this letter, as reported in the *San Francisco Bulletin*, he says:

"We see that in the plan of the Boston Foreign exhibition China

and Japan are lumped together in the same place. This is not right; Japan of to-day does not follow China. Japan of to-day is at the front of the western nations in the new civilization—in the path of westward empire. The declaration means that to-day the meridian line between east and west is no longer between Asia and America; it has moved westward between the Japanese Islands and the Asiatic Continent, and one more nation is added to the American frater-national communion. Japan does not follow China to-day. The position is reversed, and Japan leads the van, in front of America, in the westward march of nations. It matters less how relatively great or small the business interest of Japan is, the principle she represents as a sovereign State and people of Asia is as great, and her coming power may be even greater than that of any other Asiatic State, just as the British Islands' power of the European Continent is greater than that of any other State power of that Continent. The Japanese Islands have about the same population as the British Islands. \* \* \* \* As a young student of political economy and of world-statesmanship you have no higher duty before you than to claim this rightful place for Japan in any international exhibition or meeting of the nations. If too late for this Boston exhibition, then claim it for the next."

ST. PAUL, MINN.—We have hitherto neglected to announce to our readers the resignation of Mr. Gannett, which was tendered in August last, hoping that something might happen that would induce him to reconsider the document so much regretted, not only in St. Paul but throughout the West. But considerations of health and the imperative claims of other work which he has taken upon his conscience, render the resignation emphatic. It is so good for the general cause to have a man here and there that is not handicapped by the exacting demands of the routine work of a parish, that we try to feel glad over our yoke-fellow's release. It is almost as good as a vacation to know that the midnight lamp is not now burning for our help and encouragement in St. Paul. The St. Paul friends need and receive a large amount of sympathy. It is painful to sever pastoral ties when they are strong enough and broad enough to touch the ethical and spiritual life, as was the case here. His work was done so genuinely that much of it is transferable, and another man will be found to hold up the standard at St. Paul. For the first three Sundays in September the pulpit was very acceptably occupied by Mr. Janes of the senior class of the Cambridge Divinity School. An invitation has been extended to W. H. Savage of Leominster, Mass., to come and see them for two months. We hope soon to herald his addition to the Western ranks. Meanwhile and always Mr. Gannett is with us and of us. Were he to settle in Bombay, he still would belong to the Western Conference; and were he to live in Yucatan he would belong to the UNITY team, all the same.

MEADVILLE, PENN.—Pres. Livermore returns to his work refreshed and strengthened by a vacation of activity, not idleness, one that may well shame the somewhat drowsy inertness of some of his many pupils.

He has preached seven Sundays, having been heard at Trenton, Yonkers, Wilton, East Wilton, Milford and Lancaster, besides visiting Niagara, Trenton Falls, The Catskills, White Mountains, and many friends in New Hampshire. He has also been seeing through the press of Roberts Bros. a book entitled "Anti-Tobacco;" he has prepared articles for the Herzog-Schaff Encyclopædia on "Unitarians," "Unitarianism," and the "Meadville Theological School." In addition to all this he has been diligently collecting material for a history of Wilton, N. H., a work which will need several years of labor to complete. The following circular letter we print in full, for per-



chance some UNITY reader may have been born in Wilton; and perhaps others not so fortunate may be touched with a desire to see the records of their own birthplace preserved in a like manner:

CIRCULAR.

MEADVILLE, PENN'A, April 3, 1883.

By a vote of the town at its annual meeting, March 13, 1883, I was encouraged to collect materials for a History of Wilton, N. H., my native place. In doing this work I need the co-operation of all who have been identified with its life and growth, both residents and non-residents.

The old families are breaking up, and the old landmarks vanishing, and whatever is done to preserve the records of the past should be done quickly.

It is the pleasant but laborious task of collecting the unrecorded facts of the local history that I have undertaken, and in it I ask your prompt assistance, so far at least as it relates to your own family and ancestors, of whom I would like a short biographical sketch of three generations or more, and any family or local incidents of interest admissible in a well-written book of annals.

Anything you may possess in the way of diaries, manuscripts or published records that can be wrought into a History of this ancient town, or that would suggest matter for use in such a work, if sent to Mr. Sewall Putnam, or Mr Edward H. Spalding, Wilton, N. H., by mail or express, will be carefully preserved, and used, and returned, if desired.

Please consider, and answer me at the above address, Meadville, Pa., and much oblige,

Yours Respectfully,

A. A. LIVERMORE.

## Unity Club.

### THE CHICAGO UNITY CLUB.

The Unity Club connected with All Souls Church, Chicago, offers its plan of work for the coming season to the readers of UNITY. Last year the interest centered in the study of Browning. This year the Club proposes to meet on Wednesday evening of every week, and while continuing the Browning study with unabated zeal, to carry on a parallel course in "The Story of the Odyssey." Each of these two classes will meet once in three weeks, and the third evening will be given to social enjoyment. The meetings will be held in the hall occupied as a church at 3514 Vincennes Ave., instead of at the pastor's residence as last year.

PROGRAMME.

- Oct. 17, 1883. *Browning Evening*. Historian's record of last year's work.—Browning's poems of Heroism.
- Oct. 24. *Social Evening*.
- Oct. 31. *Odyssey Evening*. Materials of the story of the Odyssey. The Trojan War. The Fall of Troy.
- Nov. 7. *Browning Evening*. Pachiarotto,—Ivan Ivanovitch.
- Nov. 14. *Social Evening*.
- Nov. 21. *Odyssey Evening*. Beginning of Odysseus' Journey.—The Lotus-eaters.—The Cyclops. [Odyssey, IX.]
- Nov. 28. *Browning Evening*. Cleon.—Poems of Love and Longing.
- Dec. 5. *Social Evening*.
- Dec. 12. *Odyssey Evening*. The Isle of Æolus.—The Læstrygonians.—Circe.—Descent to Hades. [Odyssey, X, XI.]
- Dec. 19. *Browning Evening*. COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY. (1) Plot and historical background. (2) Court and Courtiers.—(3) Colombe.
- Dec. 26. *Social Evening*.
- Jan. 2, 1884. *Odyssey Evening*. The Sirens.—Scylla and Charybdis.—The Cattle of the Sun. Calypso. [Odyssey, XII.]

Jan. 9. *Browning Evening*. Religion of Browning. His Tragedies of Love.

Jan. 16. *Social Evening*.

Jan. 23. *Odyssey Evening*. Opening of the Poem.—Prologue in Heaven—Journey of Telemachus.—Odysseus sets out on his return. [Odyssey, I.-V.]

Jan. 30. *Browning Evening*. Paracelsus—Childe Roland.

Feb. 6. *Social Evening*.

Feb. 13. *Odyssey Evening*. The Phæacian Episode. Nausicaa. [Odyssey, VI.-VIII.]

Feb. 20. *Browning Evening*. The Blot on the Scutcheon. Browning as a Poet of Nature.

Feb. 27. *Social Evening*.

Mar. 5. *Odyssey Evening*. Odysseus lands in Ithaca. Conversation with the Swine-herd.—Meeting with Telemachus. [Odyssey, XIII-XVI.]

Mar. 12. *Browning Evening*. Love Poems.—Old Pictures in Florence.—In a Gondola.

Mar. 19. *Social Evening*.

Mar. 26. *Odyssey Evening*. Insolence of the Wooers. Odysseus disguised in his Palace. The beginning of the end. [Odyssey, XVII.-XX.]

April 2. *Browning Evening*. Pauline.—An Epistle. [Karshish.]

April 9. *Social Evening*.

April 16. *Odyssey Evening*. The Bending of the Bow.—The vengeance of Odysseus.—Meeting with Penelope.—Closing Scenes. [Odyssey, XXI.-XXIV.]

April 23. *Browning Evening*. The "RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY." (1) Study of the Plot. (2) The Catholic Church. (3) A Study of Clara.

April 30. *Social Evening*.

May 7. *Odyssey Evening*. Philosophical review of the myths of the Odyssey.

May 14. *Browning Evening*. The Wit and Humor of Browning.—Review.

— Dramatic Rendering of Colombe's Birthday. (Date not yet fixed.)

OUTLINE OF EACH BROWNING EVENING.—Sentiments from Browning.—A short poem read and interpreted.—Paper.—Discussion.—Intermission.—Paper.—Discussion.—The Nut-cracker.

OUTLINE OF EACH ODYSSEY EVENING.—Homer's story.—Parallel myths from other religions.—Use of the story in art.—Use of it in subsequent literature. Each study will be illustrated by photographs and crayon sketches.

DEAR EDITOR OF UNITY:—Your last number is so good, it is a pity it should not all be true. But that sweet poem from Whittier, which you would fain make your readers believe dropped from his fruit-laden boughs last July, is but an extract of the hymn he wrote for the opening of Starr King's church in 1864. The date given by Whittier is but the date of his writing the extract in the Ashland Album. It is well worth printing every year, and is none the less true or beautiful for being near twenty years old.

Boston, Sept. 21, 1883.

Truly yours,

W. P. T.

We pass the correction along to our neighbor of the *Living Church*, from whom we quoted.—Ed.

DEAR UNITY:—Please inform your querist in last UNITY under U. CLUB, that the lines at the head of chapter three in *Felix Holt* are not quoted, that it was George Eliot's frequent habit to prefix a few lines of poetry of her own composition to her chapters, and that nearly all if not all such headings not in quotation marks are probably her own. Scott used to put such verses of his own make to the credit of "Old Play," etc. A careful reader will soon sense George Eliot's hand, with this information.

N. P. G.

Wayland, Mass., Sept. 22, 1883.



## Little Unity.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor, Hyde Park, Ill.

Associate Editors.

Mrs. H. CLARKE, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Mrs. E. E. MAREAN, 3619 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

It is the object of these columns to increase the interest of the young reader in finding "What to see" in this wonderful world about us, and in deciding "What to do" toward the making of a true and useful life. Also to help mothers, Sunday-school Teachers, and all who have the privilege of training children to find the soul of all life in the things which are to be seen and to be done around us.

### NOTE.

In the last column of the next page we give, as samples, three of the new Infant Class Cards, Series F. There are six cards in the set, of which these are the three that stand for the "Work" part of their general name "Work and Worship." The three which relate to the "Worship" will appear in our next number. Orders are filled by the Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society. Price, 3 cents for a set of six. Sent in numbers to suit purchasers. See "Plan of use" in same column with the cards.

### WELL DOING.

"Things well done and with a care, exempt themselves from fear," says Shakspeare. That is, from anxiety, worry and distrust. In working out your lessons at school, if you have done your honest best—"with a care"—that is all any one has a right to expect of you. Of course there are others—brighter, older—who can do better, but that is no concern of yours. It was for you to do *your* honest best, not some one's else. And if you have done it alone, you have made a truer and more real progress than any classmate who has had help from sister or mother, even though you have not completed as many examples, and are not marked as high in recitation.

It is a real pleasure to be able to do things well. We are not talking about doing them remarkably well, excelling others; we will leave that out because it is only a few who can do this, and we are speaking of ourselves—every-day people, who have to work patiently and carefully only to do things *well*. This is the kind of schooling every one needs, and needs it while he is young. To do common things, well. For if we are not faithful to the smaller parts of our work, we can never be master of the greater ones. Indeed, we shall not reach the greater ones at all, because we have not earned our "Well done, good and faithful servant; you have been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many."

If you happen to have been born and reared in a home where comfort, plenty and even beauty surround you, and have been accustomed to these happy results all your life, without sharing the work of bringing them about, it will be very hard for you to

have patience with yourself in learning to do things commonly and understandingly well. It all looks so easy and seems so natural—this life around you—it *must* be it almost does itself. But it does not. It costs some one labor, patience and the steady practice of doing common things well. If you have aimed, at school, to have a neat copy-book, or a good monthly report; at home, to have your tool-chest, or your play-house in order so that things can be found when wanted, you know something of what this means. Whether you have failed or succeeded in doing it, you know it does not do itself. It will not do to think it is easier for others to do things well than it is for you. How do you know? It is no sign that it is, because they make no fuss about it. Work away at all these every-day doings yourself, and when you are older you will find it brings you the best results.

Some years ago I was crossing a field in Dorchester, near Boston, Mass., and found a cow which had been tied to a tree with a long rope. In feeding she had gotten the rope wound about her legs and been thrown to the ground, and in struggling to get away had gotten the rope still more wound about her, until she lay perfectly helpless. When, after a long time, I succeeded in unwinding the rope and getting her on her feet, she came to me, with a kind look in her eyes, and lapped my coat-sleeve with her tongue. When I went home I told the folks that I had met a lady in great distress, and had relieved her, and that she had rewarded me with a kiss.

Cows have often been trained to know their names, and come when called. The great American statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, asked, just before he died, that all his cattle, which he loved so much, should be driven to his window, that he might see them for the last time; and as they came, one by one, to his window, he called each by name.—*Kindness to Animals.*

### LITTLE PURPLE ASTER.

Little Purple Aster,  
Sitting on her stem,  
Peering at the passer-by,  
Beckoning to them,  
Staring o'er at Golden-Rod  
By the pasture-bars,  
Giving him a timid nod  
When he turns his stars.

Little Purple Aster  
Waits till very late;  
Till other flowers have faded  
From the garden gate;  
Then, when all is dreary,  
See her buds unfurled!  
Come to cheer a changeful  
And sombre autumn world.

—*Youth's Companion.*



## PITCH-DWELLERS.

C. H. C.

"One cannot touch pitch and not be defiled." This is literally true as far as mankind is concerned—witness the spotted appearance of my hands at the present moment. But quite other laws apply to the insect world, for larvæ which pass all their life within lumps of pitch are yet as clean and pure as possible, and are never heard calling for a piece of mechanics' soap to scrub the black from their skin.

The first of these insects which I discovered inhabited gray, rather hard lumps of resin on the twigs of the pitch pine (*Pinus Rigida*). The center of the lump was hollow, and a boring extended for about half an inch into the twig, but the insect, which when I found it on July 1st, was in the pupa condition, occupied the pitch-chamber, as near the outside world as possible; soon after, it came out as a little brown and drab moth.

In the autumn and winter we should probably find the great pitch vestibule empty, and the caterpillar snuggled into the deepest recess of the boring in the twig, which it is said to line with white silk at the approach of cold weather.

A prettier pitch house is that occupied by the "pitch inhabiting midge," whose larvæ live socially together in numbers varying from two to twenty, in lumps of pitch on the twigs of the same tree. These lumps are sometimes over half an inch long, and very fresh and clean looking, though not transparent. The surface is clouded with white, through which, however, the bright orange color of the larvæ is plainly visible, and as the full-grown larvæ are a quarter of an inch long, they make quite a respectable show of color.

These larvæ have tubercles containing breathing pores at the tail end of the body, and they are said to always keep these tubercles at the surface of the pitch. When they become pupæ, they contract and draw in this end of the body, but an open channel is left, so that the air has free access. When about to change to a gnat, the pupa works its way to the surface of the resin, and even protrudes half its body, so that there is no danger of the midge becoming fastened into the sticky gum. If it is too late to find the larvæ, after reading this, you can at least look for the dried lumps of resin bristling with the protruding pupa skins.

On the Jersey or scrub pine, the lumps of resin inhabited by these insects are perfectly transparent, so that every motion of the larvæ can be plainly watched. On the loblolly pine, however, the lumps are milk-white and the larvæ are not visible.

## NEW INFANT CLASS CARDS.

Work and Worship, No. 1.

### TRUTHFULNESS.

Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lip from speaking guile. *Ps. xxxiv:13.*

Dare to be true ;  
Nothing can need a lie ;  
A fault which needs it most  
Grows two thereby.

Work and Worship, No. 2.

### LOVE.

Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love.

*Rom. xii:10.*

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Work and Worship, No. 3.

### DOING GOOD.

Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which art in heaven. *Matt. vii:21.*

'Tis good to speak the kindly words,  
But deeds with words should dwell ;  
The one who pities starving birds  
Should scatter crumbs as well.

### PLAN OF USE OF SERIES F.

Use as many cards as there are children in the class, giving the same verse to each child at the same time, to learn at home. Then center the class recitation and your own talk around this one verse, which many will know and the rest will almost learn by listening and reciting together. Review the verses often.

Encourage the children to keep the cards neat, to paste them in a little scrap-book, to illustrate each with some cut-out picture, to bring the books to class once a month, etc.

Remember that the verse is a mere tool, with which you are to carve out some beautiful effect upon the children by the use you make of it.



## Correspondence.

## THE MINNESOTA MISSION.

AMERICAN FRIENDS, MEN AND WOMEN:—In this hard time of trials you have treated me as if I were your brother. You have bestowed upon me and my suffering congregation your sympathy and your money with a generous hand. I can not tell you how this your kindness has encouraged me and made me feel happy. America is no longer a foreign country; it has become my home, where I dwell among brethren and sisters. I have now seen a living proof of what a society is, educated to fellowship and common responsibility. I think the American people is the first in the world to answer promptly and generously every real need and do it in a way where it does not hurt either the pride or the modesty of the receiver. As my time is too occupied to reach by personal letters every kind contributor, I will thank them all here through this paper, whether it be societies, or Sunday-school children or single persons.

As somebody may be interested in knowing how much there has been contributed, I will send a list of all the contributions up to the present date:

Susie Beals, St. Paul,.....	\$ 5 00
Ann Williams and Abby May, Boston.....	25 00
J. Freeman Clarke, Boston.....	20 00
Women's Auxiliary Society, Taunton, Mass.....	50 00
Unitarian Congregation, St. Paul.....	33 00
Miss E. N. Talbot, Woodstock.....	2 00
Mr. Hummel, Sioux Falls.....	15 00
Mrs. E. Burrill Curtiss.....	25 00
Wished to be unknown.....	10 00
Mrs. Grew, Boston.....	50 00
Income of a Concert, Madison.....	32 00
Miss Safford's Sunday-school, Humboldt, Iowa.....	5 00
Through Mrs. Coggeshall and Kate Judson, Newport.....	53 00
Mrs. and Miss Lowell, Winthrop, Mass....	30 00
Capt. Chadwick and friend.....	10 00
Mr. Sewall, St. Paul.....	5 00
Income of a lecture, through Susie Beals, St. Paul.....	18 50
Mr. Ole Paulson, Lansing.....	5 00
Through UNITY OFFICE, Chicago.....	238 15
Rev. Galvin, Chicago.....	5 00
Through Mr. Miller, Geneseo, Ill.....	13 50
From South Church, Portsmouth, N. H.....	50 00
Mrs. Ole Bull and friends.....	20 00
Mr. White, Buffalo.....	5 00
Unity Congregation, Buffalo, (Rev. Cutter,).....	181 00
Promised by Rev. G. Reynolds from Unitar- ian Association, Boston.....	670 00
Total sum,	\$1576 15
From this amount given to me privately,	320 50
Rest for the church fund,	\$1256 65

Besides that we have received seven barrels with clothing from the ladies of Providence, R. I., two large boxes from Chicago, and some other boxes and packets especially sent to me and my family. For all these kind gifts our hearty thanks. My congregation down in Brown county feels happy, and are busy in rebuilding the destroyed chapel.

Respectfully yours,

KRISTOFER JANSON.

## CONCORD STUDENTS.

The sentence quoted in UNITY of Sept. 10, and referred to as being apparently intended for a joke, "What do the members of the Concord School of Philosophy propose to do to earn their next vacation," suggests to one student of last summer the present occupation of those members she had the pleasure of knowing. The list may be of interest to those who have formed an opinion of the character of the students from the discriminating accounts given by our New England press. (By the way, one of our Boston Sunday newspapers, the one, indeed, having the best circulation, spoke of Concord audiences as being composed of "sentimental females" and "literary vagrants.") Below is the list mentioned:

Principal of Boys' High School.  
Lecturer in Girls' Normal School.  
Art Student.  
Author of Text-Books for High-Schools and Seminaries.  
Assistant in a Charitable Institution.  
Mother and Housekeeper.  
Journalist.  
Clergyman.  
Music Teacher.

I am sure that this is a very fair suggestion of the status of Concord students; and were the joke a serious one, would indicate to the one who originated it that the learners in the little chapel on the hillside are in a fair way of earning their vacation, though they may not spend it in Concord.

That Concord Philosophy is not dead may be attested by the fact that Dr. Harris spends his winters teaching philosophy in St. Louis, and that he has several classes formed, and in process of formation, even in our own Boston.

Malden, Mass., Sept. 22.

A. G.

## The Study Table.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS—VIRGINIA. By John Easten Cooke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883. pp. xxi., 523.

TWENTY POEMS from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated by paintings by his son, Ernest W. Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883. 4to, pp. 61. Price in cloth, \$4.00; morocco, \$9.00; tree calf extra, \$9.00.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, arranged for School Exhibitions and Private Theatricals. Riverside Literature Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883. Paper, pp. 44. Price 15 cents.

HOW TO HELP THE POOR. By Mrs. James T. Fields. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883. pp. 125. Price 60 cents.

NOTES ON NIAGARA.—Illustrated. Chicago: R. Lespinasse, 67 Clark St., 1883. Quarto, pp. 183. Sent by registered mail on receipt of \$2.00.

EMERSON'S COMPLETE WORKS. Vol. III. Essays, Second Series; Riverside Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883. \$1.75.

..... Vol. IV. Representative Men. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75.

ORTHODOXY AND HERESY IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By Edward H. Hall. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 1883.

A PRIMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Charles F. Richardson. Revised edition. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 117. Price 30 cents.

A little volume of the highest value as a guide to study or as a reference book. Its style is rather too condensed to make agreeable reading, as must inevitably be the case when three hundred authors are treated of in the compass of a hundred pages. One merit, and one that is all too rare, we must not forget to mention—namely, that the author does not exhaust himself on the earlier periods of literature and then treat us to a view of contemporary authors through the wrong end of an opera glass.

C. H. K.



## The Exchange Table.

### DEVIL'S LAKE, WIS.

What perverse Genii ruled thy christening rite,  
That thou art known by such misfitting name?  
Fair child of Nature, in thy heart a light  
Refulgent glows, pure as auroral flame.  
Thy evil name suggests malignant hate,  
But all thy ways are full of pleasantness,  
The heavens thy clear face irradiate,  
The hills stretch out their arms to thy caress.

So fair this Lakelet lies and gently laves  
The feet of hills close gathered by its side;  
Their sombre brows deep down in crystal waves,  
Soothed of their sternness, hang all glorified.  
Gray hills are they with features hard and grim—  
Haply not all its life to them belongs—  
Two wooded valleys seek its shining brim,  
Lured by the charm of low and murmur'ing songs.

Here water-haunting trees their pendant sprays  
Reach eagerly far o'er the water's edge,  
The clinging vine in wild luxuriance strays,  
Softening the contour of each tree and ledge;  
But more than these, a brooding spirit fills  
Valley and grove, pervading all the air:—  
Behold the presence of those craggy hills,  
That, Sphinx-like, dumb, lie holding secrets there!

Bold mounts where untamed nature rules supreme!  
 Oft-times a mellowing light of misty haze,  
Floods them in splendor soft, until they seem  
No longer mountain solitudes; but raise  
Their rounded heads in graceful lines, that flow  
Away in hurried downward curves to meet  
And touch the pulsing waves that come and go,  
To break in rippling music at their feet.  
—Mrs. Emily Avery, in the Weekly Magazine.

## Announcements.

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ANNIE L. DIGGS, Secretary, C. B. HOFFMAN, Pres. Kansas Liberal Union.

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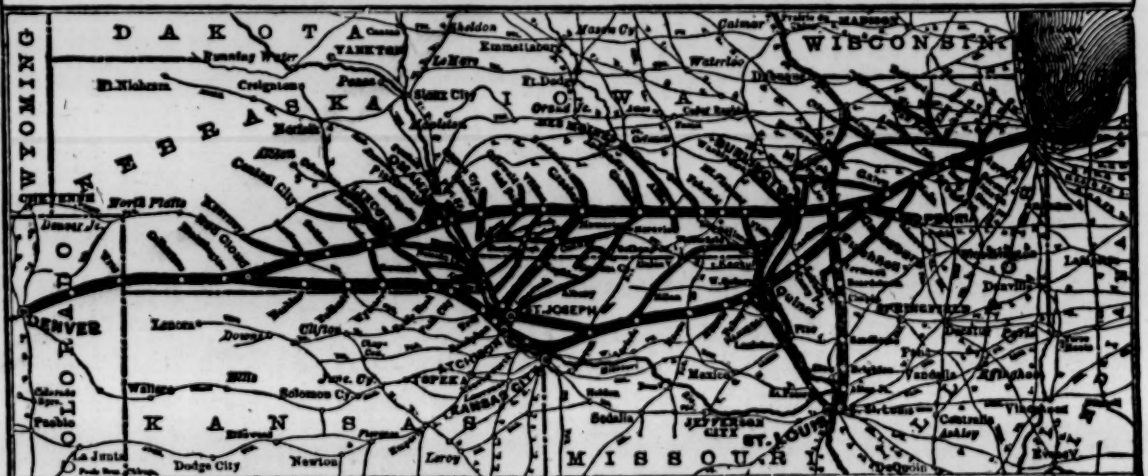
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